

TAKING  
BACK TO THE SOIL

Being the Experiences of a Government Clerk Who Sets Out to Lower the High Cost of Living.

When Jane got back from her trip to Baltimore she viewed and declared Sunny Knoll was pleased and good for her. After a week's absence she was so anxious to get home she refused to make the trip by boat, so came over by train. It was a blazing hot day, Margery was cross and tired and Jane was all tuckered out.

There isn't anything beautiful about our house as houses go. It is not of an architectural style that reminds you of Chevy Chase or Cleveland Park or others of the detached-house suburbs of Washington. There is an old picket fence in front of it, with about half the pickets missing. The lawn wouldn't make a minister at all where there are things of pride and tender care. Last year it grew up to ragweed and burdock, and is so rough it has to be cut with a scythe instead of a lawn mower. The house is weatherbeaten and badly in need of paint. The wooden support of the porch has rotted away at one corner, and at that corner the floor sags dolefully. If you have driven just out of the city and seen the country, as it is very likely you may have done, no doubt you will have wondered what manner of folk are content to live in a house so destitute of attractions.

Perhaps you even had a fleeting impulse of pity for the "unfortunates." If you did, it was very generous of you. I'm sure that the trouble is that you were motorizing. If you had been walking, now, you would have had time to notice what grateful shade is made by our three magnificent old maple trees.

## Some of the Attractions.

It may be the shade would have tempted you inside, to rest from the heat and dust of the road. Then you could have had a drink of water from our well or a glass of fresh, sweet milk. Had you chanced by on a churning day, Jim or Ned would have lifted the tripod and handed up from the well a tin pail of buttermilk, cool and rich and with flecks of butter floating in it. There would have been plenty of it, and a second and a third glass would have been urged upon you.

If it is goodness inspired you to wish to be acquainted with its source, "Lady" would have welcomed you with the quiet smile of a woman who has been waiting for you. I think another large asset item can be added on account of the boys. After Jane's "This is home," there isn't much more that can be said in praise of the place. But in one way a change has come over her that is worthy of being noted. Always she has been more silent than most women. She talked little and went about her household duties uncomplainingly but quietly. She sings now at her work.

Most people find it relatively easy to talk of self, and I know I could write volumes of what the country has come to mean to me. But I shall confine the autobiography to a few items most pertinent to the subject. I don't have the headaches nor the indigestion which I formerly suffered, and I don't have the blues. My hands, to which I used to devote considerable care and which were formerly as smooth as satin, are tanned and rough and calloused, and the nails instead of being polished are blackened and spotted.

From a Man's Viewpoint.

Inviting in the Shade.

Peace and a Home.

But we have found other things as well. Little Margery's health is no longer a cause of worry. We came out here in March and she blossomed with the flowers and budded with the trees. Out in the morning when the dew is dry, she goes all day long and sleeps the long night through, and the roses she picks are no redder than the roses in her cheeks. She has the palest of which made Jane anxious-eyed and fearful.

## HERRY ON THE JOB

OBASH—YOU DON'T NEED MONEY AT THESE BATAARS—I GO TO THEM PURELY FOR THE PLEASURE OF A PLEASANT EVENING WITH THE LADIES—MONEY—



I GOT IT BACK TO BLOW.

What It Means to Boys.

Then there are the boys. In town Jim and Ned had no conception of industry. They had no chance to learn it. They did their work in school, but there was nothing else for them to do. I thought little of it then, but I realize now it is not good that boys should grow up without certain duties to perform. It makes them aimless and restless and affords no opportunity for them to learn responsibility.

They should have a chance to play. They should play a lot, but they play with more enjoyment if they have work to do. Jim and Ned have become my paragon of industry. They have to be provided a good deal of blackened and spotted work. A boy's mind is filled with so many things he has a hard time to keep them all. His hands are supposed to be doing. But a good deal of their work is half play and a good deal of their play is half work.

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## HEARD AND SEEN HERE AND THERE.

TUT LADIES—TUT—IT'S SUPERFLUOUS FOR ME TO SAY THAT I WILL DO ANYTHING IN THE WORLD FOR YOU—BUT PUT AWAY THOSE RAFFLE TICKETS—I AM OPPOSED TO GAMBLING—



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## He Changed His Mind About Raffles

OH—MY DEAR YOUNG MAN, I'M SO GLAD TO HEAR YOU SPEAK THAT WAY ABOUT GAMBLING—



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## RIFLE SHOOTING BEGINS AT INSTRUCTION CAMP

STUDENTS MILITARY BODY SPENDS LONG HOURS ON RANGE, AND SOME ARE MAKING RECORDS.



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## SIMPLY HAD TO READ THEM.

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